

## IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

HABIT PEOPLE HAVE OF GAZING ON THEMSELVES IN MIRRORS.

Not One Person Out of Ten Can Resist the Temptation—A Reporter's Observations—Dude, Workingman, Fine Lady, Shop-Girl.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.] "Did you ever stand here a few minutes and watch people admire themselves in the mirror?" remarked a gentleman to an Enquirer reporter as the two were standing at the entrance of the Arcade.

"No. Why do you ask?" "Well, you must ought to take a position here for a while and keep your eyes open. You will see things that will make you laugh."

It was a few minutes after 6 o'clock, and the great army of working people, clerks, mechanics and professional men were hurrying and scurrying to and fro on their way home to partake of the evening meal. A great many of these people would pass through the "Arcade," which at the entrance is lined on either side with mirrors. A few minutes' observation convinced the reporter that not one out of ten, either male or female, resists the temptation of surveying her or himself in the glass.

GOING JUSTLY ARRIVED. People that you might think would never for a moment care to see their image reflected would come along and not only size themselves up in the Arcade, but also in the show-windows, which in most cases reflect as well as a mirror.

Then, for instance, comes a gentleman gorgeously arrayed in tall silk hat, immaculate shirt-front, cut-away coat of perfect pattern and light trousers. Watch him and see what he will do. He looks at his figure critically, gives one pat on the leg a little tug downward to make it set better, straightens out a wrinkle showing in his coat sleeve, and with an air of satisfaction moved on. He is just about right in his get up and he knows it.

Here is a shop-girl. She will certainly not care much. Mistaken idea. She slips her dress round, sticks back under her hat a rebellious lock of hair that will peep out and fumbles at a limp and flimsy collar at her throat that the weather has dealt most unkindly by. Poor girl, her shoes are run over at the heel, and her skirts are faded and threadbare; but she looks into that great truth-teller and tries to better her appearance.

Here are a party of workmen carrying dinner-baskets. What do you suppose they will do? Out of the half dozen not one refrains from glancing in the reflector. One brushes out a chunk of soot from his nose, another rather jauntily sets his battered hat a little more to one side of his head, another buttons his coat, and still another, who as if fatigued by the toil of the day has allowed himself to lean forward in a dejected way, braces up and makes his movements more classic.

A finely dressed lady next comes upon the scene. She gives a hasty glance at her counterfeit self, straightens a jewel at her throat which seems to have been out of position somewhat, gives a little nervous twist at the delicate cuff encircling one wrist, and then, glancing back at her train, moves gracefully down with an air of perfect satisfaction. And so it continues with who looks along rich or poor, black or white.

You may joke at your neighbor's expense, say he is a conceited fellow, never so happy as when looking at himself in the glass, but you should not cast a stone, for we all do it.

Looking at Kentucky Horses.

Three representatives of the Japanese government have been in Kentucky looking at the horses in that state, their object being to gather as much information as possible concerning the highest types of trotters and runners. They purchased nothing, but took such copious notes concerning numerous animals that it is expected they will do some business with the breeders of the blue-grass region before leaving for home.

Josh Billings and Rubinstein.

When Rubinstein was in this country "Josh Billings" was introduced to him, and the pianist in conversation presently endeavored to impress upon the Yankee an idea of his high family rank. "Indeed," he said, "I have ascertained that my ancestors were prominent men in the Crusades, and one of them accompanied the Emperor Barbarossa." "On the piano, I suppose," said Josh.

A Curious Custom.

Foreign Letter.

The Parsee mode of disposing of the dead is very curious. Immediately after death the body is carried by white-robed priests to the Towers of Silence, lofty circular buildings, haunted by birds of prey, waiting to devour the corpse. Before taking final leave a dog is brought and made to gaze into the eyes of the dead, to extract the sins of the departed.

The First Ocean Steamer.

[Boston Beacon.]

A lady from Michigan relates a very pretty story of her little boy whom she took last summer for the first time to the seaside. The little fellow was greatly pleased with the sight. One day, when he saw the first ocean steamer approach the coast, he was exuberant. "Oh, mamma, just come out and see. There's a big locomotive taking a bath."

Productive Countries.

[Albion Illustr.]

A Gascon and a Provencal were each extolling the productiveness of their native provinces. "At Bordeaux," said the former, "you drop a match in a field, next year you will see a forest!" "At Marseilles," rejoined the other, "you drop a brass button; a week after you have a ready-made pair of trousers!"

The Ichthyophagous Club.

There is in New York a society of fish-eaters styled the ichthyophagous club. It is said the work thus far accomplished by the organization toward popularizing many fish dishes hitherto forbidden entrance to the dining-rooms proves that it has not lived in vain.

Near the Throne.

[Excerpt.]

A Colorado paper says that "the cow may be queen, the horse king, and the sheep away up in royal honors, but it is an indisputable fact that the hog, under the impetus of alfalfa and pea food, is approaching dangerously near the throne."

The Four Canes.

Dirty streets, unclean water, neglected sewers, and anti-vaccination ideas are said to be the cause of the visitation of small-pox in Montreal.

Grenoble, France, is the greatest glove-making city in the world.

## Tubercular Disease Among Milk Cows.

In a report recently addressed to the town council of Hull, Dr. Mason, medical officer of health for the borough, expresses himself very strongly as to the results which may follow on the consumption of milk from tubercular cows. His attention having been drawn to the fact of tuberculosis among milk cows he visited a dairy, and having the support of a veterinary surgeon to the effect that the disease did actually exist in a cow, he gave instructions to the proprietor not to sell the milk for food and obtained samples of the milk for microscopic and chemical examination; the cow was also kept under observation. The sputum was found to contain tubercular bacilli, and pus cells were visible in the milk. The milk, it is stated, was peculiar in containing a much larger proportion of fatty matter than is contained in healthy milk. The cow was finally purchased by Dr. Mason for 50 shillings; she was in an emaciated condition, and when slaughtered tubercles were found. The dura mater and lungs were in an advanced condition of tuberculosis, as were also the liver and some glands. Dr. Mason, having detailed these facts, goes on to state that bovine tuberculosis is an infectious disease, which can be transmitted by the ingestion and inoculation of flesh and milk of a tubercular beast. Cows affected with tuberculosis are, he alleges, generally good milkers. The disease, he states, is hereditary, and transmissible to the human species through the milk and flesh, should these articles be uncooked or insufficiently cooked.—London Lancet.

## Wonderful Effects of the Pyrophore.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, a plate half filled with water, in which were half a dozen insects about an inch in length, which shone like diamonds, although the room was filled with sunshine, was passed around among the members. These insects had been brought from Mexico, where they are to be found in the forests. Their scientific name is the pyrophore; and, as none had ever been seen before in Europe, they created quite a sensation. The light resembles that of a glow worm or a fire fly, although as much more brilliant and intense as an electric lamp surpasses a wax taper in its power of illumination. When the light begins to fade, it can be made as brilliant as before by shaking the insect or dipping it in water.

It is said the Indians of Mexico use them for a light at night, as a few will suffice to illuminate an entire room. When they are walking at night, they put one on each foot, so that they can be sure of their way, and also that they do not step upon any venomous snake or reptile with which the tropical forests abound. The Mexican ladies buy them of the Indians, and inclose them in a transparent bag, which they wear in their hair or at the neck. The effect is very beautiful, especially when several are worn; and, as the Indians sell them for a few cents a dozen, they are within the reach of every fair one. They are fed on sugar cane, and, if well taken care of, will live a long time. One placed upon a page will enable it to be read with ease in the darkest night.—Scientific American.

## Gath's Views of New York Society.

Society in New York has the very slimmest skeleton; there are a few families which retain their property independence and revenues, and whoever loses these sinks immediately out of sight. A man with a net worth of \$100,000 is an obscure person in this town. He may give a clog dance or wear a peculiar kind of overcoat, collar, and he will be known to everybody, but to have \$1,000,000 is to be damned in this city, unless you can do something absurd, or be sincerely hated, or to retain somebody to put your name perpetually in the newspapers as one of the reigning beauties, or one of the fashionable families, or the grandson of somebody no longer remembered.

The very lines of this city, its streets and currents seem to show how impossible it is to be long conspicuous. "Here is one street like the arterial system of a worm, which always reminds me of the shot-box in a theatre, used to make rain; they spill all the shot down, then spill them all back again. So in this town everybody is spilled down in the morning and spilled up at night, and the only change you get to know anybody is during the spill while you and he are going along with it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## A "Realizing Sense" of Emancipation.

A man of letters in New York was under contract with a publisher to write about 35,000 words. He had prepared himself carefully for the task, but the contemplation of its manual labor tired him in advance. He went to a typewriter's office down-town, where three or four industrious girls were earning their living, and learned that he could dictate to one of them at the rate of from 1,800 to 2,000 words an hour, by paying 4 cents per 100 words. The noise of the clicking machines at first threatened to disturb his efforts at original composition, but before he had worked half an hour he was used to it. The business of composing and dictating the 35,000 words occupied about twenty hours, or five or six days of three or four hours each. At the end of each sitting he left the office with the completed manuscript in his hand. The result was accomplished without fatigue, and its quality, he says, was unusually good—for him. He further testifies that, for the first time in his life, he has a "realizing sense" of what emancipation is.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## The Pullman Car Porter's Mistake.

When Mons. and Mme. Vignaux were traveling by Pullman car from New York to Chicago the madame met with a little accident. A bottle containing eyewater (it could not have been cosmetic, for she uses none) was broken, and to preserve the liquid M. Vignaux poured it into an empty champagne bottle, and placed the bottle back in the basket. At night the porter volunteered to take care of the champagne, and with messieurs' consent carried it away. In the morning it was returned, but the bottle which had contained the eyewater was empty. When the porter appeared he could with difficulty be recognized. His eyes were as large as billiard balls, and they leaked torrents, and the poor man went about as if he had received some internal injury.—Chicago Herald.

## Beards Preventive of Consumption.

The Union Medicale, speaking in favor of the proposed measure allowing French soldiers to wear beards, says that the sappers, who have worn long beards from time immemorial, are found to have been but very slightly troubled with consumption, as compared with the rest of the army.

## Hot Water as a Panacea.

Dr. Dio Lewis contends that hot water, used internally and externally, is the best known remedy for all diseases to which human flesh is heir.

B. A. Early, of Durlington, has failed.

## THE HORSE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The Wild Steed of the West and His Habits—"Boss of the Herd."

When I speak of a wild horse, you will understand that the word "wild" implies its full meaning, for certainly no animal in existence is so thoroughly unapproachable. Their superior intellect to other animals when partly bred to good stock, their faculties of seeing, feeling and smelling, coupled with their fleetness and courage and their ability to stand days and weeks of running, make them the most difficult of animals to capture. Confining themselves almost entirely to the inaccessible mountains, only coming down to water once a day, makes it almost impossible to follow, much less capture them, and when a band or a portion of a band goes wild it is rarely in these days that the owner ever tries to recapture them, knowing full well that it nearly takes horse for horse in the business, and the wild horse once captured has been so run down and abused to bring him into subjection that he is hardly worth the success.

## THE LEADER OF THE HERD.

With the wild horses a stallion is at the head, and the leader of every herd, having such full control over them that no band of cowboys are able to drive a band of horses so fast or well as a stallion can. All in the band are so thoroughly afraid of him they keep in a bunch, and their speed is gauged by his own, he running behind with his head low, scarcely above the ground. He advances quickly on the hindmost ones, giving them a sharp bite on the rump, thereby giving them to understand they must keep up. Should one turn out he follows him, much after the fashion of the shepherd dog, and runs him back. Until his band are out of sight in the mountains he keeps this up. Here they seem to understand that he can not follow them all, and they scatter in all directions, in ravines, canyons and inaccessible places, so that when the rider arrives at the place he last saw them (usually around some sharp point or on some high peak) he is mortified to find his own horse almost exhausted and his herd so scattered (probably only two or three in sight) that he gives up the chase in disgust.

It is surprising how easily and thoroughly domestic horses go wild under the influence of these wild stallions. Many is the emigrant or horse-raiser who has gone to bed at night full of confidence and often pride at the condition and numbers of his stock, only to wake up in the morning to find nothing left but the one horse on the picket rope and the train of their fleeing animals, driven or coaxed away by these wild horses—gone, and forever. I recall to mind now an acquaintance of mine in Nevada, one Joseph Gilbert, who lived in Reese River valley, in Lander county, who took a pride in the quality and quantity of his horses. His herd numbered about 500 at the time, and was generally conceded to be the best in that section. Joe was in fine circumstances, and bore the reputation of being well off and an excellent man, but somehow a band of wild horses began to prey upon his herd, finally securing themselves a beautiful stallion recently purchased by Joe at an expense of \$1,000. After his capture Joe's herd was of short duration, as with the assistance of this stallion they nearly or quite all went wild, and though rewards of \$5, and afterward \$10 per head was offered for the horses in any corral, with an additional offer of \$500 for the stallion, I never heard of more than fifteen or twenty horses being returned.

## A DANGEROUS ENCOUNTER.

Horse-raising, however, on the plains is very profitable, and horses will live where cattle will die and never have diseases that assume the character of an epidemic; barring the continued danger of their going wild, there is no such profitable business in stock raising on the plains or mountains.

Wild stallions often become aggressive and even dangerous. Mr. Blossom, a friend of mine, was going on a trip with his family partly hunting and partly to look over the range to see the condition of his stock. One night while in camp at Antelope valley his team of horses (two fine mares) disappeared. Awaking the next morning he found himself without his horses, and starting his two boys to follow some tracks in one direction, he and his wife started in another. Presently he came in sight of his lost horses in company with several wild ones, and, to his horror, he saw coming toward him the stallion "Boss of the Herd," and although he had his double-barreled shot-gun, he knew it was loaded with fine shot, and these two loads were the only things standing between him and destruction. Had he been a "tender foot" undoubtedly he would have been injured. Being, however, an old-timer, he stood his ground, telling his wife to keep continually behind him. On came the infuriated beast, head down, ears back and mouth open, to within a few paces of Blossom, who, at this critical moment, began to swing his arms in the manner done when throwing a lasso. This recalled to his horsemanship the unmerciful and uncontrollable character of these ropes when once in their fold, and fearing his own captivity, he stopped on his charge, but continually circling around just out of reach of a rope, he endeavored to scare his enemies away.

Blossom kept swinging his arm and yelling constantly, working toward his own horses, until finally he reached them. Fortunately they were the gentlest possible, and not yet under the influence of their wild companions.

Assisting his wife to mount one, he mounted the other, and as he started back to camp the stallion saw his efforts were hopeless and went back to his wild herd in the distance, assisted by the two loads of small shot before mentioned. Had Blossom, when first attacked, shot this horse and failed to kill him, as he did after being mounted, he would undoubtedly never have lived to tell the tale. Should he have killed him, the report of the gun would have stampeded the band, and in all probability his team would have followed; but once on their backs he had them, beside forming a combination, viz.: "Horse and rider," of which all horses and cattle are afraid in the far west.—T. W. Dunn in Chicago Journal.

## An Indestructible Railroad Tie.

An improved railroad tie, just invented, is formed of two inverted bowls having plain upper surfaces, two fastening clips secured to the plain surface of each bowl by bolts, with a bar connecting the two bowls, and secured by the fastening bolts of the inner clips; the concave side of the bowl is filled with earth well tamped, or with concrete, the object being to furnish a tie which will be practically indestructible.—Scientific American.

Arkansas Traveler: Folks what puts on all the close daiken git puts me in mind of er sweet pertater patch dat is all gone ter vines.

Louis Elias, of Charleston, has failed.

## Gen. Thomas' Stand at Chicamauga.

Col. Duffield, in his talk on "Chicamauga" in the war series of the Young Men's Christian association, said concerning Thomas' memorable stand: "With but 25,000 men, all of whom were worn and weary with the fighting of the previous forty-eight hours, with both of his flanks exposed, he saw the whole rebel army of more than 65,000 men, more than half of them fresh and unfought, sweeping in a circle toward him with a line of steel, as the scythe sweeps round upon the fated grass. Stouter hearts than even brave men have would quail at such a sight. Defeat, nay, annihilation, seemed inevitable."

"But there Thomas sat upon his heavy charger, calm as a statue. His hat had been thrown from his head by the overhanging branches in his rapid ride. His lips were pale and compressed. His square jaw was firm set. His heavy brow was furrowed by a frown, and his shaggy eyebrows contracted until they all but hid his eyes. But on either cheek a small round flush shone in the sunlight, and we who knew him well, we who had seen him at Stone River, where the right gave way, seeing that flush knew at once that the indomitable will of 'Old Pap Thomas' had bidden defiance to the rebel hordes, and had registered the vow that they should never take the ridge, though the dead should cover it more thickly than the corn hills over which we fought. Victory we dare not hope for, but we knew that as surely as the sun went down that night Thomas would hold that ridge or lie dead among his brave defenders on its crest. To look at him was to drink in courage. To be near him was to share his bravery. He seemed indeed to be the very God of war."—Detroit Free Press.

## A Romantic Love Story from Venice.

A romantic story comes to us from Venice. A young Englishman appeared every morning in the tobacco divan of Sig. Alberti, bought the most expensive cigars, gave presents to the beautiful shop-girl, and, so far as his faulty command of the Italian tongue allowed, paid assiduous court to her. Subsequently he presented her with his visiting card, on which was engraved Lord Rodney. He told her that he was staying at the Grand hotel, had hired the entire first etage, and was dying for love of her. He asked her to be his wife, but wished that the marriage should be performed secretly and immediately, because he feared that if his aristocratic kinsfolk in England gained any knowledge of his intentions they would move heaven and earth to hinder the union.

The young lady told the story to her employer, and Sig. Alberti prudently enough went to the Grand hotel, made inquiries, and found that all the servants spoke of the generosity and wealth of the English nobleman. He advised her to accept the splendid offer, and a day was fixed for the marriage. As the young lord did not turn up at the appointed time Sig. Alberti and the lady went to the hotel to find him. They found him in a white cravat cleaning his master's boots.—New York Sun.

## A Pinch of Gold Dust for a Drink.

When Ben Swasey moved into his new house at Lower Springs some thirty years ago the site of his old store became deserted. In those times Lower Springs swarmed with miners, all making money "hard over fist." Rows of sacks containing gold dust stood under Swasey's bar counter, each sack labeled with the miner's name, and whenever the owner of the sack wanted to stand treat for the crowd—and that was frequently—the sack was brought out and a pinch of dust taken out for each drink. This was the way of making change those days, as coin smaller than \$50 slugs and \$20 gold pieces was hard to get at.

As a matter of course the miners, in their careless way of handling their purses, often scattered considerable of the stuff on the floor, where it went through the cracks. Well, Uncle Billy Howell, then a young man, thought of this one day after the old store had been torn down, and went and scraped up and panned out the "top dirt" over the spot where the building had stood, and in one afternoon cleaned up \$1,100.—Shasta (Cal.) Courier.

## Development of the Chrysanthemum.

In 1754 a flower was introduced in Europe from China. It resembled the common daisy so much that it attracted little attention until a shrewd florist discovered that it was highly susceptible to cultivation. From that one single white flower has sprung no less than 700 varieties. They have every known color but blue, ranging from ivory white to sulphur yellow, peach pink, crimson, purple and bronze, with hundreds of shades between. In shape and size the chrysanthemum has changed as much as in color. Its petals curve in and out or are recurved. They are quilled in tubes or are flat and solid. They look like a tangled mass of hair and like a solid ball. Recently the altars in Japan were decorated with chrysanthemums as votive offerings. Perhaps it was from the far east that our custom of using these flowers to decorate our tombs on All Saints' Day came.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Pure Milk by a New Process.

It is said that a company has been formed in New York city for securing pure milk by a new process. Fresh, pure milk, made in localities where feed is cheap, is canned, bottled, and corked when first drawn from the cow, and immediately heated in water or steam, both being under the pressure of the atmosphere. It is then cooled, after which it may be kept a year without undergoing any change. Heating destroys all germs, and bottling prevents all connection with the outside air. Should the new method prove equal to the expectations of the projectors it will work a revolution in the milk business of the country.—Chicago Times.

## Another Alpine Railway Proposed.

Another Alpine railway is proposed, sixty-one miles in length, joining Chur and Binsca. The cost is estimated at \$25,000,000, two-thirds of which would have to be expended upon the construction of a tunnel through the Luckmanier chain, thirteen miles long. The countries most interested in the construction of the new railway and tunnel are, beside Switzerland and Italy, Bavaria, Central and Eastern Germany. If completed, the Luckmanier railway would to some extent supersede the St. Gothard railway.—Chicago Journal.

## King Theebaw Was Much Annoyed.

King Theebaw of Burmah not only managed to procure the murder of nearly the whole of his relatives, but, on receiving a gun some months ago from French friends, he requested the engineer who brought it to give him proof of its capabilities by destroying an inhabited village commanded by the citadel, and was much annoyed when his injunctions were disobeyed.—Foreign Letter.

The blizzard arrived Friday night.

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LICENSE.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 1, 1885.

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M. L. KINARD, Columbia, S. C.

Dec. 17-15

B. B. OWEN,